

Kaffa: Kool Kitty

by ms.j

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Summary: Ok, so I put it in two places. It's about this cat . .
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Kaffa: Kool Kitty

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Quick notes: Daria & Jane are still juniors, so I'm not totally sure if this should happen after the 2nd or 3rd season. Plus I don't know much fashion talk so forgive me [he-he, yeah right]. All music playing is either rap, reggae or R&B-sorry I know very little rock or alternative. And I'm proud to say I'm a Daria/Trent 'shipper' cause they belong together! Remember NONE of the characters belong to made/were made by me expect Kaffa and minor characters. (The driver, the vet, the store girl, Precious.) And I mean no offense to any one who's a model :).

Kaffa: Kool Kitty by Ms. J (msjamazonia)

To Sum It All Up: Daria is paired up with a homeless kitty

In The Beginning: (It's another day, another day of hell/working/being popular for Daria & Co. They're at the table eating their breakfast, scrambled eggs for Helen and a heath bar Quinn. There is toast for Daria, Jake has oatmeal. Quinn is babbling about [what else?] the Fashion Club and her dates. Helen is trying to be interested as much as possible but her ears [and her sanity] can't take it. Jake is reading and Daria eats wordlessly. The song "1st of the Month" by Bone-Thugs-n-Harmony is playing in the background.)

Quinn: So then like Sandi tells me I look *fat* in khakis when we were shopping at Cashmere's, khakis of all things are like soooooo cute especially the pastels which don't clash with my dates but she's soooo jealous cause Saturday night I'm going to Chef Pierre with Matthew but then Friday night Jonathan with that new Hummer is taking

me to . . .

Helen: (Looking at her oldest daughter hoping to save her ears)
Daria! Is there **anything** going on with you honey? Maybe with your friend Jen? (Gives her this save-her smile)

(Daria suddenly remembers Quinn sneaking in late last night. She decided to harass her this morning.)

Daria: (Seeing a chance for payback, imitating Quinn) So then like **Jane** tells me I look sooooo fat in a skort, a skort of a things is like sooooo cute but she's like soooo jealous cause Saturday night James this guy with this beach house is taking me

Quinn: (Like a child would whine) MOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM, she's teasing me again!

Helen: (Shocked) Daria! How dare you make fun of your very own sister so!

Daria: (Deadpan) This is the very same person who tells everyone that I'm her **cousin** and I'm getting yelled at? Good parenting there Mom. (Helen feels a bit shamed at that comment.)

Quinn: (Laughing nervously) Daria, you know I'll never do that. (Defensively) Besides if you would wear makeup or cool clothes for once maybe people would like you.

Helen: (Annoyed, tired tone) Girls! Can we for ONCE have a normal conversation without you and Quinn going at it?

Daria: When Quinn brings home Straight As? (Thinking) That or a snowball fight in hell.

Quinn: Just because you aren't popular or cute and don't have dates and hang out with that weird girl doesn't mean you have to take it out on me! (She storms off.)

Helen: (in dire need of backup) JAKE, DO SOMETHING!

Jake: (looking up from his paper finally) Honey, they're finally binging back 8-tracks! (gets her shut-up-Jake look.) Nevermind. (to Daria) Your sister got Straight As? That's great kiddo she's becoming more like you! (Helen and Daria give up leave the table in frustration. He looks around) Ok bye girls! (pondering) Who's **James** by the way?

In School That Day: (Daria and Jane are standing in front of her locker where Daria's gathering her books for the day. Jane is leaning against the locker next to hers listening to this latest breakfast horror. It's a Fri. morning.)

Daria: . . . So then Mom gets on my case about not having normal conversations without me and Quinn fighting, then Little Miss Popularity blows up about me **not** being like her.

Jane: (Brightly) So in other words you having a chipper day!

Daria: (Deadpan) Oh yeah, it's so freakin' great.

Jane: (Slyly) I know who could cheer you right up . . .

Daria: (With a glare) Walk and speak no more. (The bell rings signaling them to cart off to class. In class, Mr. O'Neill is giving them background on their latest writing composition about their relationships with animals. The class is either fast asleep or passing notes. He doesn't seem to notice and continues talking.)

O'Neill: So you see class, the writer and the veterinarian James Herriot talks about the special relationships that Man can have with all of Mother nature's creatures in his novel "All Creatures Great and Small." (Sees a hand) Yes Kevin?

Kevin: (Trying to think) So like this Herion dude was like having (does the quote thing with his fingers) 'relationships' with like dogs and cats and stuff?

O'Neill: (Happy that the boy has understood something) Yes Kevin! He wrote about all those experiences-!

Kevin: (Disgusted) Isn't like 'getting it on' with animals like illegal?

Brittany: (Rasing her hand, in her usually perky tone.) Mr. O'Neill, are people like allowed to do that? That's so ewwwwwwww.

O'Neill: (Ready to cry, dejected as he attempts to explain his words) Kevin, Brittany, that's *not* what I mean exactly, you see James Herriot . . . (Jane takes this opportunity to talk to Daria who's composing in her notebook another love poem about Trent. She quickly shuts it when Jane leans over.)

Jane: (Leaning over, whispering) Leave it to good 'ole Kevvy to turn our minds to perverted thinking.

Daria: (Deadpan) And our stomachs. This toast ain't sitting too well.

Jane: (joking around with Daria, with fake angry) Oh my God, Kate you ate something? Do you know what you have done to me, to super skinny models everywhere. (Pounds fist in her hand) In the name of everything pretty and cute how could you?

Daria: (In mock shock) No! You mean, I could lose my career, my six-figure salary and my boyfriend who takes it all any ways? Then I won't be popular, I'll be fat and ugly!

Jane: Serves you right, you . . . you eater, trying to be-gasp!-a nerd. (They chuckle slightly at each other.) Thank God we aren't like that. (Back to normal mode.) See 'ya then at my place, Kate.

Daria: (Smiles) If I'm not vomiting.

Walking Home: (Daria and Jane are walking to the Casa De Lane. They're having a normal conversation-if you consider their conversations normal. Somewhere somebody's playing "Let's Ride" by Montel Jordan. It's another lazy Friday afternoon.)

Daria: But come on Jane, really, what would you do if you did

hostilely take over the Fashion Club. What use would they be? Giving your make-up tip to the new fearless leader?

Jane: For one thing their new fearless leader would give them the punishment of death if they even said the words 'lip liner', two they'll be force to give me all the numbers of all the hot guys so I can use them as my personal slaves, three they will bow to me and their cutest outfits and say 'All Hail Jane, Fashion Goddess.' Daria: What no use of the guys as 'sex slaves'? For shame Jane, be smarter.

Jane: (In mock horror, in a mother's tone) Young lady, what have I told you about peer pressure?

Daria: (In a child's tone) That peer pressure isn't just for idiots?

Jane: Very good Daria. (Suddenly the sound of screeching tires are heard not that faraway. It turns out ot be an erratic drunk. The girls stop. A flurry moving object is nearly flatten by a car. The flurry object-or cat in layman's terms, is cringing. The driver of this ride jumps out his car, ranging at the cat hiding under his wheel.) (Horrificed) Whoa, that guy could've killed it!

Driver: Damn cats! I wish to hell I would've hit you! Come here! (Tries to grab the poor animal but this kitty leads to driver in an uneventful chase around the vehicle. For some reason that we may never know, Daria suddenly drops her book bag and runs toward the kitten,.the driver has the cat in his clutches until a hand reaches out for it. The cat sees it and runs toward it. Daira picks up the cat and holds it close to her. The driver looks up to find a deadpan but P.O.ed Daria looking down at him.) What in the hell? Hey girl, give me that cat! (She steps back holding the cat out of his reach.) Daria: You're just a regular old softly aren't ya? (The smell of liquor is strong on his breath.) I'm sure the cops would also love to hear about your driving around drunk, mister. I have a *cell phone*. (The guy raises his fist but then forgets about it. He backs up, grumbling some pretty nasty things and gets back in his car. He drives, leaving Daria one last evil glare. The car pulls off shaken. Jane runs up to her.)

Jane: (out of breath.) Whoa, Daria, what did you just do? I was so shock to see you run from like that.

Daria: (Stunned at her own behavior.) I don't know. (Thinking as she remembers the scared kitten.) Did I just really tell off that jerk and save you? Or you really just a fragment of my imagination. OR could it be a side affect of the drugs. (Aloud) I think it's the drugs.

Jane: Daria, I do believe that even you have a heart. (The cat suddenly gives both of them its biggest cat innocent eyes that melts both of their hearts instantly. It takes everything in them to keep themselves from going AWWW. Suddenly that cat begins purring softly in Daria's arms. A blank look spreads on her face.)

Daria: Umm, Jane, this cat is freaking me out. It didn't screech, bite me, or scratch. Jane: (Declares brightly) well, well, somebody finally likes you! (Thinking) Besides Trent.

Daria: (Innocently) And I actually thought people like me for my charm. (Pondering) What's this cat doing out any way in the middle of street with big dumb animals like him chasing it?

Jane: Maybe *Fate* has brought this cute, cuddly kitten to you for a very good reason.

Daria: (angry at the C-word) Maybe you've been tripping off that paint thinner.

Jane: (In a credulous tone) What is this paint thinner that you speak of? But you gotten admit it's soo cu-

Daria: (Interrupts) Jane, I will not tolerant this excessive use of profane language in my presence.

At Casa De Lane: (Later on, Jane is painting an abstract piece of a Golden Retriever wearing a polyester suit, a cane, and a pimp hat standing by two trashy dressed poodles. Daria and their new furry friend are watching Sick Sad World as the cat is being fed pieces of Jane's world famous pancakes plain. From somewhere in the house LL Cool J's "Who Do You Love" is blasting in the background.)

SSW Announcer: And you thought the "bad dog" didn't work for you . . . con artist kitties and pimping pups next on Sick Sad World!

Daria: Another blow to the masses. (Suddenly the cat jumps up abandoning its unfinished pancakes behind. It jumps off the bed, scampers to the cracked door and opens it with its paw. It runs out leaving Daria and Jane bewildered.) What did you put in these pancakes this time? Hopefully not any narcotics.

Jane: (Turning away form her piece.) No I left them out. (Then with real concern) I hope it didn't runaway.

Daria: Me either. (Back to the sarcasm) But you know, that cat could have a warrant out for its arrest. (She sits up.) I'm gonna go searching from him-it is a him right?

Jane: (shrugs) How can you tell? (Daria shrugs back.) Maybe it ran downstairs and got lost in the house. (She gets up and walks to the halfway opened door, but before she can even touch the knob, the door opens for her instead revealing Trent holding our little runaway in his arms. Daria is speechless and frozen only inches away from Trent. Jane is rubbing her hands together evilly conceiving some type of yenta plot.)

Trent: Hey Janey, why is this cat here? (Looks up to find instead.) Oh. (Smiles.) Hey Daria.

Daria: (Thinking) Must speak . . . need to speak . . . stop staring . . . at him . . . becoming weak. (Aloud) Er . . . hey. (Suddenly blurts out.) Hey, why aren't you sleep?

Trent: (Walks pass her over to the bed and sits down on.) Food run with Jesse. And practice.

Daria: (Thinking) Or sleep. (A weird thought comes to mind, thinking.) Don't you dare. (She's trying to stay cool and vertical

before she faints.) Hey fellow-this is a fellow right? (They shrug.) (The cat jumps in his lap and begins meowing.) Oh you want something? (Sees the uneaten pancakes. He takes a piece of pancake and feeds it to her.) Here you go. (The cat gratefully takes the food.)

(Jane never has seen Trent acting sensitive so she suppresses her laughter for now.)

Jane: (Wipes her brushes off.) And sleep. I guess Mom slipped into the house in the middle of the night and headed straight for the kiln. (Thinking) Trent, this information will be used against you.

Trent: Maybe. Couldn't sleep. (Continues feeding it.)

Daria & Jane: (Thinking) Trent couldn't sleep with *that* on!?! The world is ending now.

Trent: True, but you can't expect her to tell us anything now can you? So that makes us pretty well informed children. (Starts scratching the cat under its chin.) Whoa, this cat's pretty cool.

Daria: (Notices how content it is and how loud its purring, thinking) I hate you.

Trent: Where did it come from? I figure anything living would run from our house.

Daria: (Suppresses a chuckle.) Umm . . . Actually it kinda ran to me. (She sits down by Trent-but not too close.) Some big dumb drunk animal nearly offed it today in his big dumb car.

Jane: (Jumps in) Yeah and Daria, being the good Samaritan we all know she is, save it from being harmed. He was P.O.ed about it running in front of his car so he had to slam on brakes. No biggie really. (Jane then sees that the two of them have forgotten she's even there and are giving the cat all their attention. At first she feels jealous seeing that a cat has gotten both her best friends and big bro's attention, then it hits her that cat could come in handy. But at the same time, knocks from the front door can be heard. Loudly) I got it! (They don't answer.) Yes continue to ignore me. (And they do.) *Man*, I feel loved. (She opens the door for-who else-Jesse. After a l-o-n-g kiss, they make their way upstairs.)

Jesse: (Trying to focus) So, where Trent?

Jane: He and Daria are in my bed. (He gives her the weirdest look.) With the cat. (The look continues) (She sighs cause he doesn't get it) We found a cat and they're feeding it.

Jesse: (Pondering) Ohh. (Thumbs up) Cool. (Jane shakes her head. They reach the door, as he reaches for the knob she stops him suddenly.)

Jane: (With a yenta gleam to her eye) We should leave them.

Jesse: (Thinking) Uh-oh (Aloud) Yeah-but food Jane, f-o-o-d.

Jane: (Clasped her hands batting her eyes.) But you want food over

true, *undying* amour.

Jesse: (Shrugs) Umm-yeah?

Jane: Jesse, you can be sooo-. (She mumbles to herself about what she'll do with her paint brushes to him.) Damn your hide and your stomach! (Shakes her fist at him. When they walk in they see Trent fast asleep on Daria's shoulder and the cat fast asleep in her lap. Daria is stock still watching his dreaming face w/ a smile, oblivious to all going on around her.)

Jesse: (Thinking) Wow, no wonder that cat likes her. And no wonder Trent likes her more.

Jane: (Grinning from tooth to tooth) And all it took was a cat to get you two in bed . . . (Her longing glaze is broken by two intruders-Jesse and Jane. She glares at both of them.) Whoops! Are we ruining a moment? (Daria is tries thinking of a comeback but remains silent.) Well? Move him.

Daria: (Concerned and embarrassed) He and the cat feel asleep. They look-kinda peaceful. I don't want move him, I might wake him. (Jesse cocks an eye at her unusual sappiness.)

Jane: (Innocently) Who, the cat?

Daria: (Sardonic) Oh never this precious kitty cat and completely forget your dear and loving brother.

Jane: 'Kay, I'll leave Trent there. (Gets the evil eye.) What?

Daria: I will kill you. And still bury you in that bridesmaid's dress.

Jane: (Folds arms) Just move him.

Daria: (growls) Yeah right. (Jane sighs and decides to do it for her.)

Jane: (in his ear) YO TRENT, GET UP, DARIA HAS TO MOVE!

Trent: (Suddenly wakes up) Officer, I swear I weren't doing sixty! (Notices who's shoulder his head's on.) Oh. (Moves away from her.) Sorry Daria. (He feels his cheeks burning.)

Daria: (Blushing) Umm . . it's ok.

Jesse: (Thinking) Same color, same goofy grin, same everything. (Aloud) Yo Trent, we need to make a food run before practice, remember?

Trent: (More alert) Huh? (Recalls) Oh yeah, for practice.

Jane: Or sleep.

Trent: Yeah, that to.

Jesse: (Thinking) Like *you'll* get enough of it with her with here around. (Aloud) Cool. Let's move.

Daria: I betta get home myself or Lawyer Mom is gonna be calling here any minute. Cya Jane, Jesse. (With a slight grin.) 'Bye Trent. (They say their good-byes and everyone goes off into their own thing.)

Back At Cell Block Morgendorffer: (Helen is working on some legally briefs as Jake is preparing the frozen lasagna. Quinn is on the phone with her going a mile a minute and is watching the "Fashion Files." Daria slips in with the key, her jacket is zipped up and something is moving inside of it. She put her hand where the cat's head is hoping it would stop. Helen hears the door shut and comes in from the kitchen to find her oldest daughter creeping upstairs. An old 80s song "Ain't Go Hurt Nobody" is playing somewhere.)

Helen: (Cocks an eye.) Daria, I didn't know you just got in?

Daria: Umm . . . yeah, me and Jane just got finish doing are thing. No surprises here. Going to room. (whispering to the cat) Don't move or they'll sell you off as violin strings. (Proceeds up the stairs.)

Helen: (overhears, worried) Honey, why are you talking to yourself? You aren't exactly-

Daria: Insane? Brain dead? Adopted? No, none of the above Mom. Good night.

Helen: It's only seven and we about have dinner.

Daria: Can't a girl deny food and get away with it? (Suddenly a head pokes out in between where the buttons are, Jake walks in humming then sees it.)

Jake: (Seeing the cat's head, panics) OH MY GOD DARIA, WHY DO YOU HAVE A CAT'S HEAD? Helen: JAKE, WHAT IN THE HEL-? (She sees the furry head sticking out the jacket.) Young lady, what in the he-heck is in your jacket!

Daria: (Knows she's busted so she opens up her jacket and brings the kitten out, sighs.) This.

Jake: Honey, it's a cat! (He runs over to it and picks it up, gleefully.) Wow, a kitten even! Oh boy! I always wanted one of these! (He begins hugging it.) (A memory of dead old dad comes) But my FATHER, that damn drunk, didn't think a cat was MAINLY enough-! (Daria suddenly snatches the now frightened kitten from possible choking, keeping her dad from popping more than a vein.)

Helen: (Throws hands up) Jake! *Calm down!* (And then he snaps back to normal.)

Jake: (In usual tone): Oh sorry there hon! (To Daria) Hey kiddo, we can play with it later. (Leaves room.) (Helen shakes her head thinking 'why me?' then directs her attention back to her daughter.)

Helen: (Hands on hips) Honey we *cannot* keep that cat, it might have some disease.

Daria: (Deadpan) Quinn has plenty of those around her and we haven't gotten rid of her yet.

Helen: I'm serious Daria, I don't you can keep up with the responsibility of having a pet.

Daria: And you're saying this to me? Oh yeah, I have tons of other important, selfish things to occupy me. I'll make it starve. (Sighs) I've handle myself for 17 years and you haven't been complaining. You think I'm going to be like Quinn, the one who dumps her little pets on you. I remember the puppy and the goldfish and the bird Mom, but I'm a bit smarter than that. I won't feed it poison, deprive it of food, or let it freeze to death. Plus, if I'm willing to show you that I *do* care about something other than myself, then maybe you should trust me. I'm 17 and I will be leaving this cell block called home. Give me at least some freedom.

Helen: (Reluctant) Daria . . . (In her mind) Damn reverse psychology. (Aloud) You have a point.

Daria: (Folds arms.) Face it Mom, I got you, admit it that I'm right.

Kaffa: (Thinking) My life's hanging in the balance and all I can think of is sarcasm? (Pause) It works.

(Helen would rather be kicked viciously than to saw that. She caves in-and ticked that she did.)

Helen: (Groans) Fine. You can keep that *thing* but the minute it or you screws up, it's gone! Decision rendered final. (Stares her down) It's your cat, it's your problem.

Daria: (Thinking) To think we all could be on the streets. I could just smile . . . (Aloud with a smile) Agreed. (Thinking) And I just did. (Quinn comes in with the phone gued to her ear. Daria's victory looks short-lived. The cat is playing with the curtains when Quinn approaches.)

Quinn: (Talking) And then I'm going to this new movie theater with Skyler but I'm going to the cafÃ© with Keifer . . . (Sees a cute thing-the cat) AWWWWWW, it's soooo cute! There the cutest cat here Stacy! (A look of horror spreads across Daria's face.) It would even CUTER with a pink ribbon-. (She reaches out to it, the cat freezes up when it sees Quinn. Daria must save it, something comes to mind.)

Daria: (Shouts, desperate tone) It's homeless!

Quinn: (Stops short) It's homeless? (Cries) EWWWWWWW! And *I* thought it was cute! (She runs out of the room devastated. Daria walks over to where the cat is still frozen. She leans down and picks it up, hugging it gently. It purrs when it feels safe.)

Daria: You have been save from the cuteness. (It hits her.) Damn, I said.

On The Phone: (Daria and Jane are chatting on the phone about what's happening now. Oddly enough Gang Starr's "Royalty" is playing on her radio. Jane is doing an abstract painting of their furry little

friend walking Quinn on a leash. It's the weekend, this Saturday afternoon has been quiet.) Jane: What did Princess Grace say when she saw your little friend?

Daria: First she squealed with delight at tormenting it with a fate worse than death-cuteness- but then when I said the word 'homeless', she backed off like it was the plague. I wish I could do that all of the time.

Jane: And then, what did Mother Dearest say?

Daria: She was going to make me get rid of it but then I laid a I'm-responsible-and-you-know-it guilt trip on her. She caved and the cat's saved. But now I'm being coerced into going shopping at Pet World for it. I don't have a car or know of any pet shops except the ones in malls-and those scare me enough as it is. (Jane stands there tapping her brush thinking . . .well, really, it's yenta scheming.)

Jane: So you need someone who knows their way around town to take you to Pet World and who has a car? Hmmm, who do I *know* fits that description? (Daria realizes she's trapped.)

Daria: The skin on my neck is starting to prick Jane, why?

(Jane suddenly puts the brush down and disappears for five minutes.)

Jane: Guess who's taking you shopping!

Daria: (Smacks self in head) Kill me Jane, and kill me now.

An Hour Later: (Quinn is on the phone in another fashion discussion with Stacy when the doorbell rings. The music video "So Anxious" by Ginuwine is on the tube. She gets up with the phone to answer it.)

Quinn: (Aloud) I GOT IT, IT'S MY DATES! (To the Stacy) Yeah I know Stacy, those shoes are really- (Trent has shown up to Cell Block Morgendorffer but to his dismay Quinn answered it. And she usually she gets the wrong idea about things.)

(To Trent) EWWWW! Stop stalking *me*! Look I told you if you got a *cuter* car and some *nicer* clothes and maybe weren't so skinny *then* you might have a chance to take me out-

Trent: (Thinking) Make the agony go away! Make it stop PLEASE. (Aloud and annoyed) Is Daria home?

Quinn: (Stunned) *Daria*? She doesn't even *talk* to guys and you're here? What are you smokin'? (He walks right past her, coming inside.) Hey! (Quinn tells Stacy she'll call later, her curiosity and annoyance is running wild.) You can't like walk right by me!

Trent: (Shrugs) Whatever, She talks to me. So is she here or not, whoever *you* are?

Quinn: (Peeved.) She's in that freaky room of hers okay? And I have a NAME.

Trent: (Walking toward the stairs.) That's right, *Daria's sister*.

Quinn: OOOHHHHHHHH! (Slam the phone down on the hook.) Jerk! (He lets a smile creep on his face.) (She then gets nosy and follows him. He walks upstairs and sees two doors. He knocks on one. When no answer comes, he opens it slowly and peers in-it's all pink and pretty. He shuts it quickly, it's Quinn's. He walks to the other one and knocks. A voice is heard.)

Voice: I'm sorry, only one two a cell please. One crazy is enough.

Trent: (Thinking with a smile.) It's her. (Aloud.) Daria?

Daira: (Recognizes the voice, tenses) Trent? (Silence.) Umm. . . .come in. (He opens the door finding Daria sitting on her bed dying off a wet, fuzzy hairball that looks miserable.) It's ok, you can shut it.

Trent: Thanks. (Shuts the door. Looks at the cat.) Somebody had a bath.

Daria: The warden forced me to bath it, have it check out by the vet tomorrow, and get it a tag. It's official under mine for keeping and hers for controlling.

Trent: (Seeing how content the cat looks curled up in Daria's lap, thinking.) I hate you. (Swallows slightly, aloud) So what exactly are you getting?

Daria: I'm not sure: Cat food maybe, a litter box, bomb making materials.

Trent: (Does his laugh/cough thing.) Gave it a name yet?

Daria: No, but calling it 'it' so much makes me think of Springer.

Trent: (Joking) You know you really should respects somebody's 'decisions', if it doesn't want to choose don't force the issue. This is the year 2000 Daria, you shouldn't be so close-minded.

Daria: (Going along with it) Geez, I'm just a thoughtless parent. (Looks down to see the cat fast asleep in her lap. Thinking) Now if you were only Trent and this was some lonely isle . . .

Trent: (Grins) Good one Daria. (Sincere tone) Seriously Daria, that little cat's lucky to be have you. (Looks at the cat, narrows eyes, thinking.) Damn you feline.

Daria: (Blushes slightly) Mmm, thanks. (Silence takes over.)

Trent: (Being in her room is starting to make him uncomfortable.) Ready to go?

Daria: Yeah, it's that time isn't it. (She picks up sleepyhead) I think I'll take the cat with me. God only knows what they'll try to do to it. Dad will try playing with it or Quinn will give it a make-over. Which of the two hells seem greater I don't want to guess.

Trent: (Smirks) I think Quinn's qualifies. (Shudders at that thought.)

Daria: She answered the door huh? (He nods) Wait . . . You found her room first didn't you? (He cringes.) You *have* been through something traumatic. Don't worry, maybe intense therapy can save you at best.

Trent: (Jokingly) Can it?

Daria: Oh yeah, we do mean Quinn . . . (He opens the door for her-they find Quinn standing on the other side. She turns nervous knowing she's been caught. Daria gives her this you-will-pay-for spying glare. Trent gives Quinn this And-I'll-help look. Quinn knows she's betta find a way to play it off.)

Quinn: (Squeaks) I . . . (Angrily then storming off) OOOHHHHHH! (They only shrug and walks away.)

Somewhere in Pet World: (Daria and Trent are in a large pet store called Pet World. Customers are with their pets of all kinds buying all kinds of things from food to signing up with a pet therapist. It looks like a busy place. Light music is playing for the customers. Trent, Daria, and our furry friend are walking around the shop browsing.)

Trent: (Reading signs) Motorized litter boxes? Custom-built doghouses? Doggie saunas? A pet therapist?

Daria: (Slips out) Just another beautiful day in the neighborhood.

Trent: (Does that laugh/cough thing) Good one Daria. (She smiles a little) Think you got everything?

Daria: Everything but the kitchen sink? It'll be hell to pay if we leave that out. (Looks over at Trent.) Honestly Trent, you don't have to carry my bag for me. I'm perfectly capable.

Trent: (Thinking) Any more smart ideas? (To her) Naw, it's cool. Just trying to help out. Plus, you're carrying the cat.

Daria: (Grumbles) Good point. (Thinking) You can carry me any day . . . (A salesgirl about Daria's age comes up to them..She's wearing a green smock with the letters PET WORLD in bold print, green pants, and a white shirt. She sees the cat and smiles brightly, more perky than Quinn so she scares the trio.)

Salesgirl: (Gasp!) What a lovely little kitty! (Waves at the confused cat) How cute! Is it yours?

Kaffa: (Thinking-yes you can hear the cat's thoughts!) Get back Satan, get back!

Daria: (Eyes roll) No, we just randomly bring homeless animals off the streets into clean establishments. (Trent does his laugh/cough thing.) But I was wondering where I can find some cat food.

Salesgirl: Aisle Three is waiting just for you! We have a special on Nine Lives and Meow Mix. And don't forget our 10% Pet World brand line Pet's Choice! (Idea comes to her.) Hey, why don't you and your boyfriend get matching collars for all three of you! You can pick out the colors and the styles and everything! (Both of them turn beet red.)

Trent: Umm . . . She's isn't my girlfriend exactly, she . . . (But she grabs them both dragging them through the store.)

Salesgirl: I know where you can find matching sweaters! Come on!
(Later in Trent's car, they managed to trick their way out the store by outsmarting the salesgirl, her purchases are in the back. Daria is riding shotgun with Trent driving, and the cat is sitting there in her lap sporting a modest but cool green collar. For some odd reason, Trent's listening to a Roots CD. "Next Movement" is playing as they ride in silence. Back and front the sneak glances at each other, but don't know what to say. Trent tries to make conversation seeing her aimlessly watching the outside world.)

Trent: So . . . umm, Thought about a name? (Thinking) What a dumb question.

Daria: (Jerked from her thought) Huh . . . oh, er, no I haven't. I don't *know* what to call her. (Thinking) Smart answer there.

Trent: (Pondering) Really, that's a girl? How can you tell?

Daria: The saleslady was brave enough to look, thus solving the greatest mystery in the known world.

Trent: Cool, a girl. Just as long as she doesn't whine and hog the bathroom, you can co-exist.

Daria: No Trent, then Quinn would be out of a job. (They grin.)
(Something occurs to him.)

Trent: Hey, who Kafka? You know that guy hanging on your poster?

Daria: (Usual monotone) Oh, Franz Kafka was the author of 'The Metamorphosis', the guy turns into a giant cockroach and then everyone deserts him leaving him to die.

Trent: (Comments) Good to know you can depend on people . . .
(Thinking, then aloud) There a name for you, Daria, 'Kafka'. Hey, it's unusual and (In a Quinn tone) *un-cute*.

Daria: (Wonders) I don't know. Do I need something reminding me to questioning my existence? No wait, I do that every day any ways. That is good, she won't let me forget. (Sees him smile.)

Trent: So how about it-do we dub thee Kafka the kitten? (She looks down at the now alert and playful kitten, who battering the ball of yarn in Daria's pocket.)

Daria: Come to thing of it . . . I never did like saying 'Kafka', I always said Kaf-fa until I got it.

Trent: Cool name there. Kaffa. Sounds like caffeine and it'll wake you up. (Jokingly) Hey, I might have to steal her from you. (That infamous Mona Lisa smiles breaks out on her face.)

Daria: (Pats her cat on the head.) You've been dubbed Kaffa, like it or sue.

But Later That Day: (Trent drops Daria, the newly named Kaffa, and her bags off-but not without carrying her bags for her to the door. She doesn't protest to his being a gentleman. Before she can even get the key in the door, Helen suddenly opens it. The two kids stand there with blank looks. She has her hands on her hips.)

Helen: (Perky) Daria, I just saw you coming so I decided to open the door. (Looks at Trent, with a mother's deadly tone.) Hello-Trent, isn't it? (Daria is hoping this will end!)

Trent: (gulps, goes into respectable tone) Er . . .Yes ma'am, Mrs. Morgendorffer.

Daria: (Thinking) Quinn. Will. Die. (Aloud to Trent) I guess I'll see 'ya tomorrow at yo-Jane's place. (Feeling the death stare.) G'Night.

Trent: (Relaxes some) Yeah. Cool. G'Night. (Thinking) I should run-now! (They watch Trent walk to his car and make his journey down the block. He gives Daria a quick wave before leaving. When he's out of sight, Helen watches Daria, her bag, and the feline disappear upstairs wordlessly. She shuts the door-but gets a good look at Trent walking away. She narrows her eyes.)

Helen: Good move there, can't trust your own daughter. (Sighs) But hearing some guy's in her room? (Laughs a little) Not *Daria.* (Worried.) Hopefully? (The cell phone rings getting her attention.) Ugh! What now! (She grabs her phone and throws herself into another conversation.)

(Daria manages to lug the bag upstairs while Kaffa trails behind her like a good follower. She kicked the door to her room open. She's happy to be back in her modest surroundings.)

Daria: (Thinking) Home, sweet hell hole. (She drops it to the ground and shut the door after Kaffa. With unusual patience the cat watches Daria as she begins to unload the 7 cans of food, a small bag of litter, a plastic box, more yarn, medication, and flea killing spray. She first opens a can of food.) (Aloud) Here. Maybe you'll eat more than Quinn. (The cat starts rubbing up against the back of her open palm.) Come on, don't get sentimental and crap on me, I'm not exactly what you'll call a 'sap.' (But she does break into her Mona Lisa smiles.) A Week Passes: (As the week passes, we see Daria getting attached to the kitten more and more. She now runs home now to see it, fed it, and play with it. She likes taking Kaffa with her to Jane's also so Kaffa won't miss out on pancakes. The cat doesn't even mind listening to Mystik Spiral practicing. Trent likes the 'cool cat' and Jane has done abstract pictures every day involving Kaffa somehow. But one evening, Quinn runs in with some ground shaking news as Daria and Kaffa are reading 'Paradise' by Toni Morrison. Helen is at the dining room table going over a case with mug in hand. Jake's watching 'Who Wants To Be a Millionaire.')

Quinn: (In a perky tone) Guess what I got!

Daria: (Deadpan) Straight As? 9Pause) No, too obvious.

Quinn: (Squeals) No, it's a dog!

Daria: (Thinking) That snowball fight came too soon. Helen: (Spits out coffee) WHAT? Quinn, you CANNOT keep a dog!

Quinn: (Whining) BUT MU-UMM, Daira has a cat and I want something *cuter* and *furry* than that! (She points at Kaffa.) And ewwwwwwww, not even its name is cute!

Kaffa: (In her kitty mind) I should be feeling insulted shouldn't I?

Helen: This isn't some animal shelter! Quinn, you know you have no time to care for a dog!

Quinn: But mu-um, Precious is so cute! (She suddenly whistles and a pink furry poodle runs in happily. She picks it up as it wags its tail.) SEE!

Helen: No DOG Quinn! (To her husband) Jake, BACK ME UP ON THIS ONE!

Jake: (Oblivious to conversation, yelling at the screen.) PICK B STUPID! He pulled out a plum, idiot!

Helen: No way Quinn.

Quinn: But mu-mm, I *promise* I'll take care of him, Matthew's mom thought it'll be really nice of me to have it!

Helen: (Rubs her temples) *Hell*, I need a drink.

Jake: NO YOUR IDIOT, IT'S A! A!

The Next Night: (Daria and Jane are on the phone talking. Well can hear a little 2PAC "Baby Please Don't Cry" playing. Daria's reading "The Cat Who Quoted Shakespeare" by Lillian Braun with Kaffa sitting in her lap, Jane is doing a painting of a pink poodle and Quinn as the gatekeepers to hell.)

Daria: It's evil Jane, that dog's is pure evil and his mistress, the Devil herself, got Mom and Dad to cave in.

Jane: (Joking) Aww rats! No spoiling little Kafee?

Daria: (Disgusted) I can't believe the two of us are sharing a roof with the Devil's Own. Now there are two pink things with IQ's of 2 to spoil. Yet another thing to annoy me. . .

Jane: Just one big happy family. (Quinn bursts into the room with Precious following.)

Quinn: EWW, now I remember, like, *why* I don't come here.

Daria: Good, now can you remember why you should leave. (Suddenly the

dog sees the cat and instantly begins barking loudly and the cat, the cat looks annoyed at the mutt. Quinn suddenly begins tugging on the dog's leash to keep it from jumping up on the bed. Kaffa bares her teeth at it. Daria slams the book shut.) Take the mutt and leave Quinn.

Quinn: That-that-cat is being* mean* to my Precious. That cat tore up my Mr. Smiley pillow and drooled on it! (Screams) IT USE TO BE SO CUTE!

Daria: (Faux shock, hand on chest) What! My Kaffa, not my Kaf-fa. (Thinking) That dog has its uses.

Quinn: (Whines) Keep that ugly, flea-bitten cat away from my Precious!

Daria: For one thing I don't remember cats drooling and two, you tell Precious he steps across this line he dies. Kaffa isn't some pretty-in-pink demon spawn that keeps causing trouble. Man's best *friend* here broke Mom's cellphone. (Thinking) A God sent there.

Quinn: (Accusingly) Just because she's *cute* and *popular* doesn't mean she bad!

Daria: (Smirks) *You* proved my point.

(Quinn gaps at her before storming off with a growling Precious.)

But One Day: (Daria walks in the house coming home from prison to another prison. The house is usually silent. She drops her bags and begins to walk around the house. Kaffa usually meets Daria by the door for her afternoon snack. But there isn't anything there. Nothing is stirring.)

Daria: Kaffa. (She checks around the living room then in the kitchen. The usual kitchen stuff is there. . . She notices a pair of furry feet sticking out from behind the counter . . . Her eyes grow big.)

Kaffa!

(She grabs the phone and furiously punches numbers. It seems like forever has passed before someone picks it up.)

Trent's voice: (Groggy from sleep-isn't he always.) Hello?

Daira: (Panicked) Trent, where's Jane?

Trent: Ummm . . Running or something like that.

Daira: Oh my god, Kaffa could be dead by now.

Trent: Kaffa? (It dawns on him.) Your cat? What's wrong with it?

Daria: She's not moving. Trent, I don't know what's wrong with her. (Chokes on last words) She's might be dead.

Trent: (Surprised.) *Dead*? What are you-(He grabs his keys.) Stay there, I'm coming. (He hangs up before she can say another word.)

At The Vet: (Luckily, Daria and Trent have rushed Kaffa to the nearest vet. 'Renee' by the Lost Boyz is playing somewhere. The two are pacing around in a tiny waiting room, today appears to be busy so there are lots of people in the room with a various array of lovely critters and creatures. It may not be showing on the outside, but Daria's visibly upset about Kaffa. It's taking all of her will power to keep her from busting into tears. She really has a heart for that little feline. Trent can see clearly so he tries to do everything in his power to make her feel better. When she stops in the middle of the floor, Trent suddenly hugs her, hoping this will provide some comfort. It shocks her at first but then she relaxes.)

Trent: (Voice reassuring) Don't worry Daria, I'm sure she's ok.

Daria: (Vowing in her mind and aloud) I won't let 20 dollar foundation kill my cat. That's how Sandi's spawn of Satan nearly died. Quinn probably intently poisoned my cat just because of that demon she owns.

Trent: (Gazes in her eyes) You really care for her, don't ya?

Daria: She's like family to me now, seeing her like this is liking seeing you or Jane hurt.

(A door of the other side of the waiting room opens revealing the vet toting a clipboard.)

Vet: Daria Morgendorffer? Daria Morgendorffer for a Kaffa Morgendorffer? (Trent and Daria suddenly focus their attention on the older black woman in the lab coat.)

Daria: (In a shaken tone) Y-Yeah?

Vet: (Authoritive tone, motions to them) Come with me.

(Cut to the inside of the vet tiny office. The vet is sitting at her desk while the couple have taken two chairs. They have been listen the doc explain Kaffa's condition.)

Vet: (Going through her paperwork) Well from what I can tell, this cat was accidently poisoned by some Revelon lying around the house. You must be careful with your pets, chemicals such as household clears or beauty products are fatal killers. Luckily, you rushed her hear before anything other effects could set in, like the possibility of death. The only thing we had to do is pump her stomach and give her some medications. (Daria doesn't know whether to jump for joy or break down in tears, but she remains seated while wearing the biggest smile.)

Trent: (Hopefully) So that means we can take her home.

Vet: (Smiles) In another ten minutes.

Daria: Hey doc . . . Thanks, you don't know how much this means.

Vet: (Shrugs.) Hey whatever, that little cat is just so lucky to have such a nice couple caring for her. The two are so much in love!

(Daria and Trent have awkward expressions on their faces, they're both embarrassed, anger, flattered, and giddy at one time. We they look down, they see that they're holding the other's hand.)

Daria & Trent: (Thinking) Well isn't this special?

Vet: (Clueless) Umm, I think that's my assistant calling.

Reflection: (Daria is writing in her diary. A now healthier Kaffa is lounging next to her owner on her bed. "Jammin'" by Boy Marley is playing in the background.)

Daria: (VO as she writes.) I actually thought I lost Kaffa. (Pets her kitty on the head.) It's weird, but after only two weeks I can't imagine life without her. It's like having a furry version of Jane. (Pauses.) There's a thought. Or maybe it's like having a furry version of Trent. (Pauses again.) I need counseling now, I'm beginning to sound like Kevin. (With a grin.) Precious had to go back to its owner, she was was missing him too much. But then again who on this earth could miss *that*? Different people are attached to different animals. Herriot had the right idea.

(Kaffa is curled up into a neat ball at Daria's feet. Daria switches the light off and lays down in the bed.)

Daria: G'night Kaffa. (Pauses) Those padded walls are being put to good after all.

Kaffa: (Thinking) I like this chica, she's silly.

End
file.